

Times-Dispatch

DAILY—WEEKLY—SUNDAY.

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SUNDAY, MARCH 13, 1910.

CONGRESS INDIAN GIFT.

We have never fully understood the proposed retrocession of Alexandria. The whole thing savors of mystery. The District of Columbia still has many unused acres and there is ample space for more Government buildings and official residences on the North side of the Potomac. The city of magnificent distances is not cramped, and will not be for a generation. We cannot understand on these grounds why there is such a clamor for more land around Washington.

There have been vague hints of a reason which should certainly be investigated before Congress takes any action to institute suit for the recovery of the land which formerly belonged to it within the confines of Virginia. The papers have intimated, more than once, that the great and enthusiastic advocates of the retrocession were real estate men and corporation owners in Washington who thought Federal improvements in the present Alexandria county would not fall to boost real estate values and to give them a large field of operations. This may or may not be the fact. If it is the fact, the Government should hesitate long to take up Alexandria county for the benefit of the real estate brokers of Washington. If it is not the fact, the sooner real estate and corporation men disappear from the negotiations the better.

Virginia has no objection to the retrocession of Alexandria if Alexandria is not legally a part of this State. We only want what belongs to us, but we do not propose to be deprived of that except for good cause shown. Should Congress institute proceedings against Virginia or Alexandria or any citizen of the city or county, such suit should be fought in the Supreme Court in order that the rights or the wrongs of the cession of 1846 be determined once and for all.

The result of such a suit cannot, of course, be anticipated. Many lawyers declare that what the United States Government gave back to Virginia in 1846 it has no right to reclaim now. Congress was no "ten square miles" necessary for the District, if the debates in the Constitutional Convention of 1787 give any real explanation of the meaning of the clause. If Congress took this section and found it did not need it, it strikes us that Congress had a right to return it without an equal right of claiming it a second time.

A SENSATION IN MUSIC.

The musical world is all astir. These long-haired students who hang about Vienna gardens and those strange maidens who fill the concert halls at Berlin are vastly excited. Even the cool-headed masters who profess to know everything and are never shocked at anything except a new Strauss symphony are really amazed.

The cause of all this disturbance is the discovery at Jena of a faded old music score signed "Louis Von Beethoven" and headed "Symphonie Von Beethoven." Students have scoured Beethoven's published compositions in vain for anything that resembles this score. They are forced to conclude it is a new and heretofore unknown symphony of the great master—a work that precedes his well-known first symphony.

Unfortunately the music is not very good. We are told that the orchestra shows the hand of the amateur and that in the minuet and finale there are puerile imitations of Haydn. Except for the adagio, which sounds like Beethoven, there is nothing about the piece to stamp it as a master work. It lacks depth. It has no melodic character. It is no better than a half hundred symphonies in the archives of orchestras in Europe. But for all of this the savants are excited. They expect to see in this the beginnings of Beethoven's genius, and they hope by it to trace anew the great musician's growth. Naturally enough they wish to see how the master who wrote the Eroica and the famous Fifth fathomed the mysteries of melody when he was a stripling in Jena.

We hope they may, because the old would like to know more of Beethoven; but we are afraid their efforts will be misdirected. More symphonies have been forced than have ever been discovered, and more amateurs have asped masters than masters have left amateurish works behind them. We suspect a close study of the new symphony will show it to be the work of some would-be musician who ayed on the name of Beethoven for clumsy sensation. We are especially led to suspect this may be the case by the imitation of Haydn, which was said to appear in the symphony. Beethoven never imitated Haydn and can hardly be imagined to do so. Although he was his rival, Beethoven hated Haydn with a

hatred that was well nigh divine. He left Haydn's studio because he despised the method and the manner of his teacher, and never referred to his music except with a slur. Beethoven was a rebel, and a rebel who would not stoop to copy the work of a man whose school of music he came to overthrow with a nobler, vaster and mightier melody.

A NEW RECTOR IN ROANOKE.

The Rev. Cantey Johnson has been called to the pastorate of St. John's Church, in Roanoke. He has been rector of the Episcopal Church at St. Charles, Louisiana, but he was born in Charleston, South Carolina, and that being so, he is a Churchman of the best order. His father was John Johnson, Major of Confederate States Engineers at Fort Sumter during the War Against the South, and Doctor of Divinity and rector of St. Philip's Church, in Charleston, for more than thirty years. St. Philip's Church was one of the targets at which the Federal fleet fired during the war, and now, just under its gilded cross, uplifted high, shines out every night a light by which ships going into that port steer their course. There could not be anything better and higher than that, nor anything that shows how far we have traveled since the distant time when we were all fighting for ideas. Of the new rector of the Church at Roanoke it may be said "like father, like son."

GENTLEMAN AND SCHOLAR.

David Munro, Assistant Editor of the North American Review, died last Tuesday night. He was a Scotchman by birth, a graduate of the University of Edinburgh, and a most accomplished man. He was a college mate of John Watson, "Tan MacLaren," and was full of exquisite human nature. A dreamer of dreams as sweet as the heather with the dew on it in his native land, modest to the point almost of timidity, and yet courageous as became a man of his race, it was a privilege to know him and to love him. What Harvey will do without him, we do not know, because they seemed to fit in so well together—buoyant youth and mellow age, impetuous buccaneer and gentle philosopher.

About two years ago the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on Mr. Munro by Erskine College in recognition of his attainments in scholarship and his long service in the best journalism of the country. We do not believe that David Munro ever did a human being any harm, and we know that he had a tender affection for our friends and neighbors of the so-called dumb world about us, and particularly for man's best friend, the dog; for when we were talking to him once about "Joe" and "Fritz" and about the chance of meeting them again, he declared that in some other world they would come straight through the everlasting gates into the city; for who could say that, with all their sense of obedience and gratitude and love, they did not possess some little spark of the Divine life which is eternal!

EXTENDING THE RULE.

If the mine bill works out all right, the next Legislature can put the State into the business of mining coal for the benefit of all the people who consume that article of necessity and comfort. A great many persons in Virginia probably have to do without fires because they cannot afford to pay the price the coal miners and coal dealers ask for their product. Then there are hundreds of thousands of people who have to buy corn and flour and meat and have to pay whatever the market price may be. Manifestly, they would be able to save a good deal if the State should only go into the business of farming and supply all the material wants of its people with what they need at actual cost. We do not think that the State should engage in any sort of business, but what's sauce for the goose ought to be sauce for the gander, and if mine, at the bare cost of production, is a good thing, coal for the freezing and food for the hungry would also be good things. "Equal rights to all; special privileges to none!"

SOME RISING STARS.

Young Mrs. Cudahy and young P. Knox, Jr., have fine offers to go on the stage. Perhaps Mrs. Cudahy, of those halcyon days when she and her doughty husband were "so happy," performed in some amateur theatricals, and it is more than likely that Knox, while at college, tried his hand at the grease, paint and powder. Otherwise, we presume they both have been without theatrical experience and have never known the difference between "down centre" and up "left in three."

Yet, if they desire, they may blossom into full-blown stars of that galaxy which is found in all theatrical charts somewhere between the ten-twenty-third and legitimate stage. Of course, it would be a fine thing for the aspiring manager of some bedraggled troop of half-fed Thespians to announce that P. Knox, Jr., son of the Honorable, the Secretary of State, would appear at Walton's Vaudeville Theatre in an original sketch by himself, entitled "Why I Married Young." The manager would find a ready audience, and would be assured of box-office receipts that would fully justify the salary of \$100 the week which he offered the newly married Knox. In the same way, Mrs. Cudahy, who is doubtless a very fine young woman, would make a splendid heroine in the "Lights of Kansas City," or "The New Auto," written in a jiffy by some ink-splashing scribbler who wanted to pay his back rent. She could scream most successfully when the villain comes in to tear her from her children, and could gain cheers from the gallery and stir emotions in the orchestra. These two announcements, coming in the same issue of the New York papers, illustrated the curious tendency of our modern stage to substitute sen-

sation for talent. We are bled to the theatre that we may gaze on some famous character whose presence is his or her only claim to appear behind the footlights; and we are informed that the past of the "star" is doubtful, no matter what his future may be.

We suppose the stage can endure this innovation, and we leave it for the New York Tribune, or some other sober-sided savant who philosophizes daily to bewail the degeneration of the modern stage. The stage has been degenerating for centuries, if one believe all one reads. It degenerated when Shakespeare ceased to raise his flag over the Globe. It degenerated when Beaumont and Fletcher collaborated no more. It declined when Siddons made her last curtsy and when Garrick made his final bow. It was gone for time and eternity, according to the old-timers, when Forrest ceased to wall his eyes and Booth limped no more across the boards. Yet the stage is with us yet, to amuse and to instruct, with its stars and its satellites, its admirers and its critics. It will probably be with us, the same old stage, when managers have forgotten that they might have had young Knox for a little more cash, or might have secured the services of Mrs. Cudahy if Jack had driven her from home.

"DIVINE POWER."

(Selected for The Times-Dispatch.)

"He giveth power to the faint!"—Isaiah xl, 29.

The entire sentence is vital with meaning. It was impossible to indicate any words of like number into which more significance and sublimity are condensed. Which shall we admire more, the power they reveal or the sympathy they express?

"He giveth." How full of benevolence, how suggestive of might! God is the One Giver. There is no moment in all the history of life in which He ceases to give. In proportion, therefore, as man gives, does he become godlike. The finite approaches the infinite most in the act of imparting a blessing.

"He giveth power." Note: Giving does not diminish His strength nor His resources. He is as powerful now as when He projected the worlds into the realms of space. "He giveth power." This is the language of the sunbeam, of the flower and of the angelic hosts, as they spread their pinions to fulfil His will. It is the language of the universe. We cannot find or touch an atom which is destitute of this description, "He giveth power."

"He giveth power to the faint." Who cares for the faint? Men view with indifference, if not scorn, those left behind in the race of life. But God's ways are not like man's. He steps in His paternal love to revive the weary and to invigorate the faint. He knows the strong and the weak alike; for as a wise shepherd He is acquainted with the individual state of His entire flock. Some He leads and some He carries in His bosom, and over all is His protecting care.

In God's great family no two are alike. There is, however, but one Father, and His love provides for each need. The question, therefore, relates, not to the degree of power, but to the moral position. Are you in His family? Do you acknowledge His authority? Then this help is yours, even though you be so weak that you are utterly good for nothing. "He giveth power to the faint." His infinite power is accessible and intended for those morally weak and helpless, and thus for you.

God never gives surplus power. "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy day so shall thy strength be." He promises no power beyond the day and hour in which it is required. But with the need it is always afforded.

God's method of giving us this power teaches our dependence on Him. He bestows His power as our daily bread is given. Not a single energy is ever displaced by body or mind which is not first bestowed and then sustained by the Supreme Power. We should always remember that in ourselves we are helplessly weak; but that in Christ we are endowed with power irresistible.

God's willingness to communicate power greatly increases our responsibility. What power we might possess! Men should not merely walk according to the light they have, but they are bound to walk according to the light they might have had. It is theirs for the asking! Infants might be placed at our disposal. We have His promise, "Ask and it shall be given you." So if we faint, we faint in spite of His offer; if we perish with hunger, it is in the presence of a table spread with all the vands of heaven, and put there for our use.

This promise is full of tenderest assurance to the penitent. If you can only crawl to the throne of grace He will give you power, and will so strengthen you that you will walk and leap and even run in the way of His commandments. Do you fear that God will spurn your approach? Fear no more! "He giveth power to the faint." Your weakness and poverty only the more exalte His pity, and He will impart His might to make and keep you strong.

Is all this mysterious process undertaken when God has determined that man shall end in dust? Does the divine power sustain merely that the earthly life shall be prolonged? Why should Jehovah stoop to impart "power to the faint" when He knows that in a few brief years at most annihilation will follow? Reason revolts at the supposition, which is utterly unworthy of the power, the wisdom and the tenderness of the everlasting Creator.

Elijah, hidden in the cave, desired to die; but the "still small voice" revived his drooping energies, and as he passed from his hiding place he demonstrated how "He giveth power to the faint." Behold Jonah, in his anger despairing of life, re-inspired by the power which will not break the bruised reed. See David in all the storms which beat upon his troubled life. "Wait on the Lord: he of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart: Wait, I say, on the Lord."

But why should we call illustrations from the ancient records? We do not need proofs that God giveth power to the faint. We ourselves are living witnesses of this glorious fact. We can say with the great apostle, "Though the outward man perisheth, the inward man is renewed day by day." Faint and weary we have been met by the sympathetic Saviour and received of His fullness, grace and strength.

Are you travel worn and cast down by the difficulties of the way? "Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength. They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings like eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint."

That was a fine sermon, Dr. Calisch, you preached Friday night, and it ought to be printed and sent out as a tract. We have no prejudice against the Jews. We think, really, that they are the greatest people in the history of the world. Robert Burns did not have them in mind; but he laid down a pretty fair rule to follow in all such matters when he wrote: "A man's a man for a' that."

One of the members of the Legislature is reported to have said in the course of a statement made by him yesterday that a certain thing said about him, if meant so and so, was "as false as hell." That means much or little, according as one looks at it. We have always thought that hell was a very real thing or state of being. Of course, if it is false, that puts it out of business and makes the comparison of no account.

One of the largest wholesale houses in North Carolina has determined to establish itself in Richmond. Watch Richmond grow!

Of course, Richmond has the best Limerick writer. Richmond has the best of everything in this world and a better chance for the world to come than any other place. Not to put too fine a point on it, Richmond has the best newspaper in the South, and it is climbing up to the first place among the newspapers of the country. Its name is The Times-Dispatch. Everybody ought to read it.

The Savannah Press congratulates the Central of Georgia Railway on putting a new sleeping car on one of its trains. There is no place where the habits of the community so invite sleep as in Savannah, and this is the time of the year when those who own yachts can sleep on board without running any great risk of catching the Savannah hook-worm.

Congress should not make any more appropriations for the building of great ships of war until it has provided for the deepening of the James River from Richmond to the sea.

They appear to be double-teaming on Ballinger in the investigation at Washington. Garfield has been brought in to confuse him, and an engineer of the Forestry service has been sent to give him a lecture on the Secretary's explanation. There is a good old Latin saying "audi alteram partem," however, that should be kept constantly in mind by the trial jury. After he is acquitted, as we have no doubt he will be, Ballinger ought to insist on getting out of the Cabinet. That would relieve Mr. Taft of possible embarrassment in the future and please Pinchot, who promises to be "a bigger man than old Grant" as soon as the Mighty Hunter gets back home.

"Bugs" Raymond will shortly appear in Houston and try it out with Rube Waddell. We bet our money on "Bugs." If he will only keep straight. We found him two years ago in the South Atlantic League at Charleston and actually made him a great man, "one of those few immortal names that were not born" to get into any dignified biography of this country; but a great man, just the same, his "split" ball being one of the things that very few slab artists can catch on to. There was also another great artist of the diamond among the South Atlantic players, and his name really deserves to be perpetuated in the sporting annals of the Nation, the same being Sandy McKernan. It was on account of one of the most famous plays of that genius that the broad principle was laid down that "a put out is a put out."

When Brother W. T. Ellis, of Philadelphia, challenged Tom Watson, of Georgia, to meet him in wordy combat some time ago, the distinguished Georgian declined to do anything of the sort. Brother Ellis went to Atlanta last week to hear the Watson lion in his den; but the lion did not appear, and Brother Ellis escaped, therefore, with a whole skin, and has now announced that he will not meet Tom Watson in joint debate. It is well. Two such living men are better than one of them dead, and in these Pinchot times, we must conserve all our natural resources.

The reason we like George Bailey, of the Houston Post, is that he is so utterly irresponsible. Here he comes now with the suggestion that "if Mr. Cudahy is willing to become reconciled to his wife, we are ready to guarantee that no man will ever again enter his premises unless he is accompanied by forty-eight unmarried members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union over sixty years of age." The thing that we can't understand, however, is what business it is of Mr. Bailey whether Mr. Cudahy is reconciled to his wife or not. Moreover, why should Bailey take sides with Lillie in this case? Is Lillie one of Cudahy's backers?

Dr. Cook will sail from Rio Janeiro for New York on March 18. It is hoped that he will have his records of his discovery of the South Pole made up by the time he reaches his destination in this country. How would it do for the Doctor and the Commander to compromise on the Poles?

The Frenchman who stole \$2,000,000—that is the amount his captulations are now said to reach—from the Catholic congregations in France, is said to have spent the money on women. He must have been very fond of them.

The Charlotte Observer says that Inglo, the writer in Harper's Weekly, is a "native of North Carolina, unless we are greatly mistaken." Doubtless it is mistaken, but that will not worry the Observer.

A convict in the penitentiary at Deer Lodge, Montana, has asked the editor of The Times-Dispatch to undertake the raffle of a horse-hair bridle which he has made entirely by hand. It contains twenty thousand strands, beautifully woven. We are not in this business just at present; but he would probably be able to dispose of the bridle in Charleston, the home of the raffle.

T. R. is said to have witnessed a war dance by 1,000 natives in Africa, the which must have appeared the same after some of his own performances on the White House Tennis Court.

No news from Zelaya, which means that our torpedo boat squadron can stop for repairs.

Before a new election is held in New York, there is a slight chance that the Allds' hearing may be concluded, at least if the Democrats repeat the matter.

Not being able, in these peaceful times, to raise any other disturbance, the Colorado people let a reservoir break the other day.

Pittsburgers plan to charter a ship and go to sea in order to be the first to meet T. R. on his return. It is strange how some people from that town will insist on unpleasant notoriety.

A Russian police inspector was sent to prison for manufacturing evidence. This means that the work of some of the Czar's courts will be entirely ruined.

If Farman's machine makes its scheduled mile a minute, there will be a chance for some race promoter to take a chance on a race between the aeroplane and the engine. Our money is on the ground.

Operatic stars received an ovation in Baltimore, but the box office received a frost.

Here's a fine chance for our friend Cabell. By the issue of \$200,000,000 additional stock, the American Telephone Company has a half-billion outstanding. We suspect, however, the tax return to the Commissioner will be a bit wet.

The Mathews Journal is still worrying about the published statement that lands in that county are assessed at a lower percentage of their real value than lands in any other county of the Commonwealth, and insists that The Times-Dispatch publish a denial of that fact under a double-column 24-point head. We have never seen it stated exactly where the report of the Senate Committee was wrong, but if the Mathews Journal says it, we gladly take the Journal's word for it. We regret that we would not know what to put under the desired head, but know all men by these presents that the good people of Mathews are no worse offenders than the rest of the good people of Virginia, and pay taxes like the rest of us. Their lands are worth money, and the people are worth money, and they pay their debts and they worship the God of their fathers and they deserve all the good things that can be said about them. All of which we respectfully submit to our good friend, the Mathews Journal. If anything else is desired, we stand ready to state it, fully, gladly, freely.

What we can't understand is why any Greek should go to Texas to get a wife; but if he should do so he would surely have to bear gifts with him or stay out in the North where make that miserable Commonwealth ill suited to human habitation.

The blondes of Montgomery are not in the same class with the blondes of Richmond, because the Montgomery sort are of the peroxide order, while the Richmond girls are just as God made them, the most beautiful and sweetest creatures in the world. The red-headed widows of Texas have had their day.

"Houstonians without regard to creed or affiliations will do well to hear him," says the Houston Post in speaking of a religious revival which the Rev. Dr. Truett is about to undertake in that town. The cause is a good one, none better, and there is nowhere that it ought to be more vigorously pressed than in Houston; but the invitation of the Post will be viewed with suspicion. It was this same paper which kept pegging away at the people for not paying their poll taxes and never paid its own. We hate to expose it; but it must be done.

Weather reports from the dismal glades of Georgia indicate some weeks of winter yet. Up here in Virginia spring is already laughing at the chilly Southern States.

Daily Queries and Answers

Address all communications for this column to Query Editor, Times-Dispatch. No mathematical problems will be solved, no coins or stamps valued and no dealers' names will be given.

Teachers' Pension Law.

Please let us have the teachers' pension law recently passed, or a synopsis of the same. A READER.

This law is too long to be reprinted in this column. Your Delegate in the Assembly can secure a copy of it for you.

Business Colleges.

Please give me the names of some good business colleges in Washington, D. C. A READER.

We cannot recommend particular schools in this column.

Age of Conductors.

Does a person have to be twenty-one years of age in order to get a job on the street car line in Richmond, Va.?

We are informed that the age limit is eighteen years, not twenty-one.

Rockefeller's Address.

Please publish John D. Rockefeller's address for me. A READER.

This address was given in The Times-Dispatch of March 10, copies of which can be secured at our business office.

Confederate Pension.

Will you tell me if the bill has been passed which allows the soldiers' widows to get pensions who were married since the war? L. M. C.

The provision of the pension bill has not been changed during the present session of the Assembly and will not be changed. To draw a pension under the present law the Confederate widow must have been married prior to 1865.

Minks Again.

G. B. Buchanan, Woodford, Va., sends us the address of a firm publishing a book on the minks of the State. It will be sent the reader who requested it upon the receipt of a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Regarding the minks, Mr. Buchanan says: "In certain channels the demand for minks—and, in fact, all the small fur-

bearing animals, for breeding purposes—greatly exceeds the present supply, and all offerings of good stock are being taken at very attractive prices. Close paid for mink ranging from \$7 to \$8 for good brown-pelted specimens, to \$15, and even more, for extra nice dark ones."

Planting Watermelons.

At what distance from cantaloupes is it safe to plant watermelons and cucumbers? Which of them will not hurt the raising of these plants.

Our Cook Book.

I saw a cook-book in Mr. Harrison's store which he said was one of the premiums offered by The Times-Dispatch. As this has not been advertised yet, can you tell me if it will be, and when, as I wish to get it?

This cook book may be secured upon the return of the coupons and the payment of 50 cents at this office.

Partridges Cannot Be Sold.

1. Please inform me where live partridges can be purchased.

2. Has a party the right to trap partridges on his own place near his neighbor's line for a distribution on his own place? SUBSCRIBER.

Baseball Season Tickets.

Please tell me where I can obtain a season ticket to the baseball games this season, and what it will cost for a lady's (Mrs. J. R. Dyer).

The sale of season tickets has not yet been announced. Ladies will probably be admitted free on the grounds.

Sunrise for Ten Years.

Did the sun rise and set at the same minutes on March 8, 1910, as it did March 8 of the past ten years?

Yes. W. K. B.

DEGENERATE PRINCE DOING VAUDEVILLE

Great-Great-Grandson of Mme. de Stael Has Brought Disgrace on the De Broglie Family.

BY LA MARQUESE DE FONTENOY.

PRINCE ROBERT DE BROGLIE, the worthless younger son of Prince Amédée de Broglie and grand son of the fourth Duc de Broglie, who was Prime Minister of France during the early days of the present republic, is once more attracting the attention of the public in a manner distressing to his family by his association on the stage, and, of it, with the music hall divette, Melodie. The latter is the wife of the Parisian painter Magdon, from whom she has eloped with Robert de Broglie, the abandoned husband has naturally instituted proceedings for a divorce, naming Prince Robert as correspondent in the matter. The prince, however, nor his companion has any money, they are doing stunts in a cafe chantant at Nice, and Madame Melodie, who is under the name of "Signor Stello."

Whether or not the prince will end the lady when the divorce is finally pronounced against her, remains to be seen. If he does it will be his third marriage, both of the previous ones having been dissolved. The first one was with Baroness Melodie, who was divorced by the French tribunals during the early days of the present republic. The second was with a Countess Fleury, and celebrated in literature and art under the pseudonym of "Giselle." The union was annulled on the ground that the prince had failed to receive the consent of his parents, and the marriage was contracted at Chicago, the lady being Estelle Alexander, of San Francisco, divorced wife of Henry V. Alexander, being previously married to a Count de Broglie, who was annulled by the French tribunals on the same ground as the prince's previous matrimonial alliance, and having been contracted at Chicago, the lady being Estelle Alexander, of San Francisco, divorced wife of Henry V. 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